

"Why do you mope?" She is not lost; Beyond the river she has crossed And on the hillside, where the sun is setting, she is waiting for you. And on that hillside, where the sun is setting, she is waiting for you. And on that hillside, where the sun is setting, she is waiting for you.

"Look!" Not but have forewarned, With her eyes she has gone before, And on that hillside, where the sun is setting, she is waiting for you. And on that hillside, where the sun is setting, she is waiting for you. And on that hillside, where the sun is setting, she is waiting for you.

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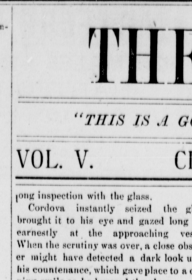
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"THIS IS A GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

VOL. V. CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1880. NO. 10.

light inspection with the glass. Cordova instantly seized the glass, brought it to the eye, and gazed long and earnestly at the approaching vessel. When the scrutiny was over, a close observer might have detected a dark look upon his countenance, which gave place to a demure smile as he lowered the glass.

"Revenge is mine at last," he muttered. "The long expected hour, has arrived." Then he laughed. "Bring all sail to leeward here—she shall not escape us!" His commands were obeyed and the Avenger was soon bearing down upon her prey.

CHAPTER II. Let us now look aboard the vessel which was expected soon to make a prize for the rover. The crew consisted of twelve men, besides the captain, mate, and steward. Pistols and cutlasses, old muskets and pikes, constituted the defence of the vessel, and out of these were selected such as were deemed best fitted for the purpose.

On came the Avenger, making all sail, and swiftly reaching the doomed ship. "Room!" rang out a gun from the pirate, and a shot went whizzing across the water, but caused no damage.

A shot was sent in reply from the only gun aboard the merchantman, but the gun being very inexperienced, the ball went wide of the mark. The next shot from the Avenger was crashing through the cabin of the doomed vessel, causing general confusion aboard. Another from the same source laid the mainmast, and another, demolishing the gun-carriage, and killed the gunner, no one else standing near. The owner, Mr. Goodwin, was aboard with his fair daughter, Alice. The latter was looking brave and self-possessed under the circumstances, but her face was pale.

CHAPTER III. The opening scene of our narrative is one of a beautiful group of islands, off the coast of South America. The interior of the island presents a view of singular beauty. All the luxuriance of tropical vegetation is here displayed. The orange, lemon, guava, and wild grape trees are to be seen, mingled with the dark-green foliage of their respective trees and vines.

At once a party of Indians in picturesque dress, about its center, a large black opening disclosed the mouth of a cave under an overhanging bluff. On the green sward in front of the cave several men were seen, lounging in attitudes of carelessness, some smoking and chatting in groups, and others asleep. The broad sombrero, the rough boots of untanned leather, the grim and weather-beaten countenances, and above all, the broad black stock full of knives and pistols, proclaimed them to be buccanniers—men whose trade was blood-robbery on the high seas, and who were away in secret coves and bays, and their ill-gotten booty.

At length a new character appears upon the scene in the shape of the leader of the party, which was composed of about twenty men, whose names were spread far and near on account of the many bloody deeds he had accomplished, which had earned him the sobriquet of "the ambiguaire." The person he was tall and dignified, of large and muscular limbs, broad shoulders, a high forehead, overshadowing a pair of dark, ferrety eyes, from which a malignant gleam would flash forth at times, and a countenance, otherwise handsome, of forbidding expression. The man doffed his broad hat with great respect as he approached them, and addressed his lieutenant in the following manner:

"Pietro, make preparations for a voyage to-morrow, probably we will find game abroad." "Aye, aye, captain," said Pietro, "everything shall be in readiness to-morrow." The captain turned upon his heel and strode back to the cave, laden thither, perhaps, by the sweet tones of a guitar, now resounding upon the night air, and then, at the mouth of the cave, he entered an apartment at the side of the passage, in which was the fair prisoner of the entrancing strains. The room to which we now introduce the reader is a small and simple article of adornment that would confer no credit to the wealth of the occupant, upon whom we now look. She was very lovely, and of a delicate type—that of the rattle-snake or the adder, while the glitter of her dark hair reminded one strangely of the former reptile. Yet she was beautiful externally, while her inward nature displayed the characteristics of the discolored rattle-snake or the half-blooded, which needed only an object upon which to vent itself to burst forth in all its fury and strength. Her name was Annette.

CHAPTER IV. About two hours sail brought the Avenger to anchor in the lagoon, and the treasure with the two prisoners, well guarded, was taken ashore, and Alice and Harry confined in different rooms in the cave. Many different opinions were expressed as to what should be done with Harry. While some thought of making him take the oath of allegiance, others were in favor of meeting him as a punishment for the death of their comrades, a death more horrible than that of burning.

On the following morning the crowd assembled to "hold court" and decide upon what should be his fate. Cordova had, for a long time, been adopting a career of crime and carnage, looked with admiring eyes upon the lawless career of his lieutenant, and was now, as it were, about to be asked to give up his hand in marriage, so far as to be rejected with disdain, the last of his life.

CHAPTER V. The stake being prepared, Cordova, with a gleam of light heart, he addressed the prisoners, and asked if he had anything to say, before leaving his fair daughter, and that, though he knew "paring was cruel, it couldn't be helped under the circumstances." "I have nothing to say," said Cordova, "I have nothing to say."

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J. D. RABAGE,
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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1880.

WALLACE GRUBBLE, Editor.

IN HOC SIGNO VINCES!

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For President—WILLIAM A. HANCOCK.
For Vice President—W. M. H. ENGLISH.

For U. S. Senator—J. C. BREWER.
For U. S. Representative—J. C. BREWER.

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RADICAL RASCALITY—DRIVEN TO THE WALL.

By J. D. RABAGE.

"Like master like man," is an old proverb of the slaves days that has been perpetuated by the parasite, like candidate like party. The republican party having placed at its head two men notorious for their corruption and dishonesty in the past, has been compelled to react to the meanest and most degrading and disgraceful shifts in order to accomplish its ends.

Like lately recently across the river in Indiana is tampering with the republican postmaster in that state, during the past week, has received from the office of the republican state central committee an advertisement, printed and signed by the republican party, which reads as follows:

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THE DARKIES ARE STILL POURING INTO INDIANA.

By J. D. RABAGE.

It is shameful that men like W. O. Braden, John W. Whitely, and C. C. Gooden and Sam McKee should run about the northern states degrading old Kentucky, and falsely insinuating it as having been a "rebel" state, and branding its democracy with the stigma of rebellion. They know that none of these assertions have any foundation in truth. The confederate statistics show that Kentucky furnished to the rebellion more than a fraction of 30,000 soldiers, while she furnished to the federal cause within a fraction of 30,000 volunteer soldiers. In 1860 the race was made to appear, and the question of secession and although an overwhelmingly democratic state, secession was defeated by over 50,000 majority of the popular vote.

Even in the state, with the exception of Garrett Davis, was either an active secessionist or sympathizer with the rebellion, while more than three-fourths of the population were loyal to the Union.

Indeed, John C. Breckinridge and William Preston were among the only really prominent leaders of the Kentucky rebellion who went into the rebellion. Stanton, Dusha, Hays, Magellan, Carlisle, and others we could name, not only represented the nobility and the south, but held also in giving it aid or encouragement, even though members of nearly all their families actively engaged in the rebellion. These facts are known to the men who are now in the north, and they know that they continue the work of defamation, regardless of the truth.

Geo. M. Jackson, in a greenback speech at St. Louis, a few days ago, made the astonishing claim that it would have been secret. Until about a year ago, he was a member of the Kentucky legislature, and he was delivered to him along with his other mail matter. As that gentleman proposes to vote for both Landers and Hancock, he did not need any other aid or encouragement. The shameful document, but the reader's eye will be in the hands of the democratic state central committee.

We have but two questions to ask of our republican friends, by way of commentary on this confession. They are these:

Can any man longer support or affiliate with a party that presents notoriously corrupt and dishonest men like Garfield and Arthur for the highest positions in the government, and truthfully claim to be honest himself?

Can any man longer support or affiliate with a party that directs organizations to resort to felonious practices to carry an election, and truthfully claim to be honest himself?

OUR SPEECHES.

In accordance with our determination to provide the readers of the News with speeches by the leaders of democratic thought, we have already published the masterly effort of Hon. Lyman Trumbull, democratic candidate for governor in Illinois. This week we publish the fearful exhortation of Garfield by Hon. Hendricks of Ind., which occurs more of its force to the reader, and which is a study in the art of the indignant and outraged old patriot was spun by the victim himself, than to the unimpaired ears of the subject evoked by the speaker. Next we give you the speech of the masterly delivered at Union, N. Y. the 22nd inst. Mr. Seymour is not only the first statesman of the land, but in the republican and perfect days of the war the rebellion found himself to be one of the most loyal of citizens. A man of enlarged and enlightened experience in public affairs, the idol of his party, and the idol of all the people, his words are charged with wisdom and his speeches are strongly free from the fiction and frothy things that characterize the speeches of the speakers. He seems to practice the trick and duplicity of the politician, whose highest ambition is to "lick the ears of the groundlings," but contents himself with the intelligence of his own party and appealing to their patriotic impulses and sacred convictions. Our readers will not only find his latest utterances interesting and instructive, but they will be preserved for future reading and study. They are full of the wisdom of the sage and the philosophy of pure and true republicanism.

The Hawesville Ballot boxman the Frankfort Yeoman for asserting that "very few if any of the greenbackers in Maine were republicans. They were all democrats." One neighbor insists that the Yeoman misrepresents, and that very frankly. He seems to practice the trick and duplicity of the politician, whose highest ambition is to "lick the ears of the groundlings," but contents himself with the intelligence of his own party and appealing to their patriotic impulses and sacred convictions. Our readers will not only find his latest utterances interesting and instructive, but they will be preserved for future reading and study. They are full of the wisdom of the sage and the philosophy of pure and true republicanism.

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